

THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

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MEMOIR OF MISS MORDAUNT.

“ To tread the comic boards with sportive ease,
With frolic smiles and chasten'd humour please ;
A thousand little winning arts to blend,
Yet ne'er our judgment, ne'er our taste offend ;
Still to preserve throughout the “ golden mean,”
Nor once fall short, nor once o'er-act the scene ;
With simple polish, Nature's boon, to shine,
Nor over-negligent nor over-fine :
This rare, this envied gift, be, MORDAUNT, thine.
Thalia at thy birth auspicious smiled,
Clasp'd in her arms, and claim'd thee for her child ;
Fancy thy cradle rock'd, and 'fore thine eyes,
Bade all her fairy forms in pleasing vision rise.”

MISS MORDAUNT, the subject of the present sketch (whose portrait is prefixed to this number), was born at Hackney, in April, 1812. Her father served for several years in the army, both in the line (the fifty-second regiment) and the militia. His early prospects in life were of the most flattering nature, his father being a West-Indian merchant, of the highest respectability and opulence. Losses, however, added to the depreciated state of West-Indian property, left his family, at his death, unprovided for ; and the father of Miss M. having been unsuccessful in business, for which, indeed, neither his youthful habits nor profession had fitted him ; and the young lady (our present subject) having always evinced a strong predilection for the stage, at the very early age of ten years, appeared at the private theatre in Berwick Street, as Jane Shore, of which performance, the dramatic critiques of the day spoke most favourably ; adding, “ that it was not the acting or speaking of a mere child, *parrotted* into the part ; but a performance exhibiting strong mind and deep feeling throughout the whole.” In the following year, she sustained Angela, in the *Castle Spectre*, for a private benefit at the English Opera House. The talent she displayed on this occasion, added to an enthusiastic love for the drama, decided her future fate ; and in 1826, she commenced her public career at the Greenwich Theatre, in the character of Lady Teazle : she also played Violante, and the whole range of elegant comedy, as well as Therèse, and all the juvenile melo-drame. She soon afterwards joined the late Mr. M'Cready's company, at Bristol, where she opened in *Desdemona* ; and having given great satisfaction to her manager, was engaged for Cardiff, where she appeared as Juliet ; and during the season, sustained alternately the genteel comedy, juvenile tragedy, and melo-drame. At the close of the Cardiff Theatre, Miss M. was engaged, by Mr. Raymond, to open the Shaksperian Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, as Rosalind. Here her practice was, indeed, varied and extensive : Violante and Lady Teazle, Queen Katharine

and Lady Macbeth, Young Norval and Portia, Martillo in the *Broken Sword*, and Edmond in the *Blind Boy*; and took the whole round of Shakspeare's plays, with farces and melo-drames. She was equally successful at Northampton, and so great a favourite, as to make the only good benefit in a town proverbially failing even to the first stars. On quitting Mr. R.'s circuit, Miss M. accepted an offer from Mr. Maxfield, of the Southampton and Portsmouth Theatres, and for ten months sustained the entire lead in tragedy, comedy, and melo-drame, at the above-mentioned places.

The *Southampton Chronicle*, in speaking of this young lady, observed,—“Her able delineation of the Soldier's Daughter, stamps Miss Mordaunt as the Widow Cheerly; and from her decided success in this and other characters, we confidently predict to see our young favourite, at no distant period, the leading star of even the London boards.”

It was here arranged that Miss M. should have a trial at Drury Lane Theatre, and abide by the success of three parts. She accordingly appeared in her favourite, Widow Cheerly, about the middle of October, which she played three times. Miss Hardcastle eight or nine, and Donna Olivia twice, which led to an immediate engagement, honourable (as we are informed) to all parties.

Miss M.'s next appearance was as Lady Splashton, in Lord Glen-gall's comedy of *Follies of Fashion*; she has also performed Lady Amaranth. Owing to Mr. Kean and Madame Vestris's engagement, Miss M. has not performed so often as might have been expected, or indeed as the public could have wished.

The name of *Mordaunt* (as we noticed some months ago) is assumed, that of *Macnamara* being her true appellation. This young lady's connexions are of the highest respectability, being related on her father's side to the late gallant Admiral Macnamara, as well as niece to the present Lady Cranstoun and Lady Tyrwhitt Jones, of Henley Hall, and to the late brave and meritorious officers, the Colonels Beatty, whose honourable services in the late war in Holland, Egypt, and the Peninsula, gained them the badge of C. B. from their Sovereign, and the unqualified approbation of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, when commander-in-chief.

Having thus gratified public curiosity respecting the name and lineage of the above lady, about which so many varied statements have been circulated, it remains for us to notice her professional character. Miss Mordaunt is pre-eminently endowed with all those natural and acquired graces necessary to form a favourite daughter of Thalia, and seems altogether more calculated to fill that long unoccupied station in the drama which the late Lady Derby held, than any other actress we have seen for years. Her figure is genteel, her manners graceful and lady-like, her countenance pleasing, and her eyes remarkably lustrous and expressive; while her voice and smile beautifully exemplify the *dulce ridentem et dulce loquentem* of Horace. She also possesses much natural gaiety and sprightliness, and occasionally imparts to her acting a considerable portion of archness and humour. Miss Mordaunt's powers of pleasing are, however, of a far more varied nature than a London audience, as yet, have been capable of forming an opinion, for there are several characters in

tragedy which she has sustained with great success, and indeed takes herself great pleasure in personating.

In conclusion, we must observe, that when we consider this young lady's very tender age, and the great talent she has already displayed, we feel no hesitation in declaring, should her professional acquirements increase with her years, she will rival in fame any of the most brilliant stars that ever graced the drama of this country.

ILLUSTRATED MEMOIRS OF OUR EARLY ACTORS.

(Continued from p. 224, Vol. I.)

No. III.

NATHANIEL FIELD.

THIS actor was brought up among the children of the Queen's Chapel, where it appears that he performed female parts with great applause. When he became too manly, both in figure and voice, to represent the characters of women, even in a mask—

Flute. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quince. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bottom. An' I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I. Scene 2.

As soon as Field's tones, therefore, were grown too rough to permit him any longer to speak in a *monstrous little voice*, he played the part of Bussy d'Ambois, in Chapman's play of that name, and many vociferous characters in Ben Jonson's tragedies. His name is joined with those of Heminge, Burbage, Condell, &c. before the folio edition of Shakspeare's works, and also in the *dramatis personæ* prefixed to the *Cynthia's Revels* of Ben Jonson. He is said to have been the author of two comedies, the 1st. *A Woman is a Weathercock*, which was acted before the king, at Whitehall, and divers times privately at the White Friars, by the children of her Majesty's revels; 4to. 1612. Time of action, twelve hours, as the author tells us in the conclusion:

"Ne'er was so much (what cannot heavenly powers?)
Done and undone, and done in twelve short hours."

This play is dedicated "to any woman that hath been no weathercock," (quaintly insinuating that it is dedicated to nobody); and is highly commended in a complimentary copy of verses to the author, by George Chapman. His other comedy, *Amends for the Ladies*, with the merry pranks of Moll Cutpurse, was written by way of compensation to the fair sex, for the satire conveyed in *Woman's a Weathercock*. The plot of this comedy appears to have been taken from the Curious Impertinent, in Don Quixote. Field is said to have been concerned with Massinger in writing that fine old play, *The Fatal Dowry*, from which Rowe has borrowed the idea of his *Fair Penitent*, and Aaron Hill, a play which he left unfinished, *The Insolvent*, or *Filial Piety*. But in this it seems that our actor has been confounded with another person of the same name, who was a fellow of New College, Oxford, in the year 1635. It appears from the preface to Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, that Field was dead in 1641.

SCENE FROM A NEW TRAGEDY,

ENTITLED KING HENRY I., OR THE CONQUEST OF NORMANDY.*

Robert, Duke of Normandy, and Bohun, Earl of Bouvais.

- Duke.* Well, Bohun, thou look'st heavily! what news?
Bouv. The English galleys beat with hostile prow
 The waves that wash your shores.
Duke. That's known: what more?
Bouv. Truth is a draught by sovereigns seldom relish'd:
 Subjects, as seldom, have the fearless honesty
 T'administer the potion.
Duke. Art not thou
 A rare exception? Come, let's know the worst.
Bouv. Your late decree—
Duke. I've issued none!
Bouv. Indeed!
 Have you signed nothing lately?
Duke. Humph!
Bouv. You have?
Duke. A paper—yes.
Bouv. You read it?
Duke. No.
Bouv. Not read it!
Duke. (*Peevishly.*) No, no.
Bouv. A sovereign set his sacred name
 To blanks, or unread documents!
Duke. (*Eagerly.*) 'Twas not
 A blank! But what's th' event? Come, tell me, quick!
Bouv. Why, a decree is issued in your name,
 To wring from every subject in your states,
 A fifth of his possessions, to enable
 Your highness with proportionable force,
 To meet the force of England.
Duke. Ha! the traitress!
Bouv. Lingaria!—
Duke. Ay—I'll stab her to the heart!
Bouv. Say rather, hang her on the common gibbet.
Duke. Hang her! go, go; thou'rt rash.
- Art thou our judge?
Bouv. Better your friend than enemy—your judge!
Duke. You are too bold.
Bouv. Your people are still bolder.
 You sent me forth to levy soldiers, sire!
 But this decree hath paralyz'd my efforts,
 And chang'd men's loyalty to disaffection.
Duke. Then I've no army?
Bouv. Yea; of veteran troops,
 About five thousand men devoted to you.
 I've promis'd in your royal name, my lord,
 The odious edict shall be straight repeal'd.
 And, by this promise, I have muster'd men
 (At my own cost, and that of Pierre de Guise)
 About five thousand more.
Duke. Ten thousand men!
 Ha! these well arm'd, with Robert at their head,
 May blunt the fiery edge of England's force!
 The strength of Beauclerc? Hear'st thou?
Bouv. No, my lord;
 But from the number of the English galleys,
 We may presume his army to be great.
 Say—twenty thousand men.
Duke. We're lost!
Bouv. Not so:—
 Your own hereditary states, my lord,
 Will rise *en masse* on the decree's repeal,
 To drive your perjurd brother, and his army
 Into the element that bore them hither.
Duke. The fire of hope is in thee.
Bouv. Cherish it
 In your own royal bosom; 'tis the spur
 To noble daring, and the nurse of fame.

* The author has promised us some interesting particulars respecting this production.

Duke. Beguiling hope! I've cherish'd it too long!
For twenty years this spur hath prick'd me on
From act to act of glorious enterprise
To win mine own inheritance!—This nurse,

For twenty years hath rock'd my darling deeds
I th' cradle of mischance; and when she should
Have proudly borne, on iron-pinion'd wings,
Her sacred charge to victory and empire,—
She poorly sunk into ignoble slumber,
And left my fame, a wreck—a blot—a nothing.

Bouv. O rouse yourself! be what you were in Palestine!

The great, the mighty warrior—at whose prowess,
The bravest foe turn'd pale.

Duke. Thou mind'st the time!

Ah! those were glorious days—but they are past. [*With deep regret.*]

Bouv. Be now as then! and—

Duke. True; we may perform
Deeds of mad valour! nay, out-pelt the storm!

Out-roar the thunder, and out-flash the lightning!

Till wearied and out-done ourselves, we drop,
As leaves in autumn fall—to rise no more.

Bouv. Is this the language of the flower of chivalry?

The gallant chief, who from the hands of infidels

Rescued the holy sepulchre?

Duke. O Bouvais!

My heart is full to bursting! Fond remembrance

Of what I have been—Ah! what am I now?

Poor, old, despised, and persecuted.

Bouv. Sire,—

Why cast an indirect reproach on friends,

Who throw their all into the public stock,

To serve their sovereign?

Duke. I meant not reproach.

Bouv. But this decree, which in your name I've promis'd

Shall be repeal'd:—How say you?

Duke. Why, hold out

The promise still.

Bouv. But shall it be avow'd?

Duke. Ay.

Bouv. And perform'd?

Duke. In part.

Bouv. How?

Duke. Modified.

Bouv. I understand you not.

Duke. I must have money.

Bouv. By this accurs'd exaction?

Duke. Ay.

Bouv. Farewell.

Duke. Stay, Bohun! stay!

Bouv. My lord!

Duke. Desert me not.

Bouv. My word was never to my sovereign forfeited;—
Nor shall be to my country.

Duke. Honest creature!
Be the decree repeal'd—and I, undone.

Enter COUNT PIERRE DE GUISE.

Guise. Deputed by the nobles of your duchy,
I come, to offer in their name, the aids
Your present state demands—upon condition—

Duke. Condition! how! am I to be eternally
Insulted with conditions? What condition?

Guise. That you repeal your late promulg'd decree.

Duke. Decree again?—It haunts me like a fiend
Disgorg'd from hell, to blast my dearest hopes.

Bouv. The Duke hath pledg'd his word, that the decree
Shall be, forthwith, repeal'd. What are thine offers?

Guise. Five thousand archers; fifteen hundred horse;
Six thousand warlike spearmen; and in gold,

Ten thousand marks.

Duke. And is it thus? Why then
My subjects love me still.

Bouv. Did you e'er doubt it?

Duke. Too oft I've given cause to cool their love.

Reproach, for past misdeeds sticks on my name,
And pity wags her finger at my weaknesses.

Duke Robert is, men say—(and they say truly)

A poor epitome of bold Mark Anthony,
That noble Roman, Cleopatra's fool!
Alike the sport of woman, wine, and war!

My mind's eye sees, this moment,
cheating fortune,
Like gaudy plumes upon a harlot's head,

Nodding me on to ruin.

Guise. Gracious lord!

Duke. Nay, I am sure of it—I feel it here;

It sinks my heart.—Is there not in the Park,

A lofty cedar, whose wide spreading branches

Are bent by time and tempests?

Guise. Ay, my lord.

Duke. It stands no longer:—yes—
ternight it fell

Before a little gust of western wind,
That scarcely mov'd a twig besides.—
'Twas strange!

Guise. Belike its trunk and roots
were all decay'd.

Duke. Ay, there it is. The angry
eye of fate

Had mark'd it for destruction:—year
by year,

A blow insidious struck its vital pow'rs.
That cedar was my prototype;—it
once

Flourish'd in tow'ring grandeur—so
did I!

It brav'd the storms of years—why,
so have I!

'Till, sapp'd and broken to its heart,
it fell

Before a *western breeze*—and so must I!

Bouv. Is this a mood to meet the
foe in?

Duke. No—

I shall not fight the worse because I
feel

My hour is near.

Bouv. My lord, this will unqualify
The means we muster for our preser-
vation.

Call up the martial ardour of your
soul,

And through your host diffuse it.—
Wherefore is

Your eye so keenly bent upon your
sword?

Duke. 'Twas worn by Rollo when
he conquer'd Normandy!

My father bore it when he conquer'd
England!

He gave it me, and, traitor-like, I
drew it

Against his sacred person in rebellion,
And fell'd him, with a stroke of 't, to
the earth!

A parricide in wish, I aim'd a blow
At his paternal heart!—a power in-
visible

Withheld my arm, and spar'd my soul
that crime.

Bouv. You think of this too deeply:
—He forgave you.

Duke. He did: but can I e'er for-
give myself?

With blood of infidels, i' th' Holy Land,
I sought to wash the stains of treason
out.

My star of glory then attain'd its
zenith!

But now, it faintly glimmers in the
west

Of fortune's dim horizon. Cruel fate!
Now must I draw it 'gainst my fa-
ther's son!

Guilt glues it to the scabbard—clogs its
point,

And makes it edgeless in my palsied
hand.

Bouv. The Conqueror was your
father, and your sovereign!

But this, his son, your foe—a perjurd
brother!

A base usurper of your natural rights!

Duke. True. [*Brightening.*]

Bouv. Rouse, my lord! and meet
this self-made king,

As a true king should meet a base in-
vader.

Duke. [*With a burst of enthusiasm.*]

I will, my friend! behold the blade is
bright!

The edge is keen—the point is sharp
—the hilt

Is as familiar to this hand, as when
It blaz'd, in Palestine, o'er crescent
slaves,

A meteor of destruction! Should I fall,
This sword shall throw an awful splen-
dour round me,

Like the red glories of the setting sun.

[*Exeunt.*]

NOTICES OF THE LIVES AND WRITINGS OF OUR EARLY
DRAMATISTS.*

GEORGE PEELE, M. A.

THE precise period of the birth of this poet and dramatist, who was a native of Devonshire, is not known. He was made a student of Christ Church College, Oxford, about the year 1578, where, after going through all the several forms of logic and philosophy, and taking all the necessary steps, he was admitted, in the year 1579, to the degree of Master of Arts. After this, he removed to London, where he became the city poet, and had the ordering of the pageants. He lived on the Bankside, over against Blackfriars. Wood tells us, that his plays were not only often acted with great applause in his lifetime, but did also endure reading with due commendation after his death. About the year 1593, Peele seems to have been taken into the patronage of the Earl of Northumberland, to whom he dedicated, in that year, the "Honour of the Garter," a poem gratulative, the firstling consecrated to his noble name. There is another book of Peele's in print, called, "Merrie conceited Jests of George Peele, Gent. sometime Student in Oxford, wherein is shewed the Course of his Life, how he lived, &c. 4to. 1627." These jests, as they are called, might, with more propriety, be termed the tricks of a sharper, of a man who was "as nimble in bilking mine host and shirking a tavern bill, as he was quick in his compositions and joyous in his life." He carried on his merry jests and mad pranks with a choice band of poets and scholars, among whom were Nash, Greene, and Marlowe; they made wine the whetstone of their minds, and, as it went round, wit flashed out in sparkling coruscations; as if

"All their lives should gilded be,
With mirth, and wit, and gaiety."

Peele seems to have been a person of very irregular habits, and died about the year 1598, leaving behind him a wife and a daughter. In his dramas, the titles of which are subjoined,† there is a voluptuousness of imagery, a pomp and stateliness of style, with a richness and a variety of versification, which distinguishes them from those of every other author.

The Arraignment of Paris, a pastoral, on the mythological story of the Golden Apple, to be awarded by Paris to the most beautiful of the three goddesses, Juno, Venus, and Minerva, was acted before the Queen's Majesty, by the children of her chapel, and printed in 4to. 1584. This piece has been attributed by Kirkman to Shakspeare, but on no foundation, as will appear from the following passage in Thomas Nash's address, prefixed to *Menaphon*, 1589:—"I dare commend George Peele unto all that know him, as the chief supporter of pleasure, now living, the atlas of poetry, and *primum verborum artifex*; whose first increase, *The Arraignment of Paris*, might pleade to your

* From a correspondent.

† *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584; *Edward I.* 1593; *The Old-Wives' Tale*, 1595; *The Love of King David and the fair Bathsheba*, 1599; *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the faire Greeke*, 1599. Peele was also author of the pageants of 1585, 1590, and 1591.

opinions, his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and manifold dexteritie of invention, wherein, *me judie*, he goeth a step beyond all that write."

In the preparation in honour of Diana, Flora is introduced as taking a conspicuous part in the decoration of the sylvan scenes, of which she gives a description in a sweet vein of poetry:—

Flor. Not Iris in her pride and braverie,
Adorns her arche with such varietie :
Nor doth the milk-white way, in frostie night,
Appeare so faire and beautiful in sight :
As doe these fields, and groves, and sweeter bowres.
Bestrew'd and deckt with partie-collor'd flowres.
Along the bubbling brookes and silver glyde,
That at the bottome doth in sylence slyde,
The waterie flowres and lillies on the bankes,
Like blazing comets burgen all in rankes :
Under the hawthorne and the poplar tree,
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be :
The primrose and the purple hyacinthe,
The dayntie violet and the holosome minthe.
The double daisie and the cowslip, queene
Of sommer flowres, do overpeere the greene,
And rounde about the valley as ye passe,
Ye may ne see, for peeping flowres, the grasse ;
That well the mighty Juno, and the reste,
May boldly thinke to be a welcome guest
On Ida hills, when to approve this thing,
The queene of flowres prepares a second Spring.

Sil. Thou gentle nymphe, what thankes shall we repaie
To thee, that makest our fieldes and woods so gaie ?

Flor. Silvanus, when it is thy hap to see
My workemanship, in portraying all the three,
First, stately Juno, with her porte and grace,
Her robes, her lawnes, her crownet, and her mace :
Would make thee muse this picture to behold,
Of yellow oxlips bright as burnisht golde.

Pom. A rare device, and Flora, well perdie,
Did paint her yellow for her jellozie.

Flor. Pallas in flow'rs of hue and collours red,
Her plumes, her helme, her launce, her Gorgon's head,
Her trayling tresses that hang flaringe rounde,
Of Julie flowers so graffed in the grounde,
That trust me, Sirs, who did the cunning see,
Would at a blush suppose it to be shee.

Pom. Good Flora, by my flocke, 'twere verie goode,
To dight her all in red resembling blood.

Flor. Faire Venus of sweete violettes in blue,
With other flow'rs infixt, for chaunge of hue,
Her plumes, her pendants, bracelets, and her ringes,
Her daintie fan, and twentie other thinges :
Her lustie mantle wavinge in the winde,
And everie parte in collour and in kinde :
And for her wreath of roses she nil dare,
With Flora's cunning counterfeit compare.
So that what living wight shall chaunce to see
These goddesses, eche placed in her degree,
Portray'd by Flora's workmanshipe alone,
Must say that arte and nature met in one.

Sil. A daintie draught to lay her downe in blue,
The collour commonly betokeneth true.

Flor. This piece of worke, compact with many a flow'r,
And well laid in at entrance of the bow'r,
Where Phœbe meanes to make this meetinge royall,
Have I prepared to welcome them withall.

Pom. And are they yet dismounted, Flora, saye:
That wee may wend to meet them on the waye.

Flor. That shall not neede; they are at hand by this,
And the conductour of the traine, light Rhanis.
Juno hath left her chariot long agoe,
And hath returned her peacocks by her rainbowe.
And bravelie, as becomes the wife of Jove,
Doth honour, by her presence, to our grove.
Fair Venus, she hath let her sparrows flie,
To tende on her, and make her melodie:
Her turtles and her swannes unyoked bee,
And flicked neere her side for companie.
Pallas hath set her tygers loose to feede,
Commanding them to waite when she hath neede.
And hitherward with proude and statelie pace,
To doe us honour in the silvan chase,
They marche like to the pomp of heaven above,
Juno, the wife and sister of King Jove,
The warlike Pallas, and the Queene of Love.

Pom. Pipe, Pan, for joy, and let thy shepherdes sing,
Shall never age forget this memorable thing.

Flor. Clio, the sagest of the sisters nine,
To doe observance to this dame divine,
Ladye of learning and of chyvalrie,
Is here arryved in faire assemblie,
And wand'ring up and downe th' unbeaten wayes,
Ring through the woodes, sweet songes of Pallas' prayse.

Pom. Harke, Flora, Faunus, here is melodie,
A charme of birdes and more than ord'narie."

The pretensions and promises of the rivals are thus made known to Paris:—

Juno. Nay, shepherde, looke upon my statelie grace,
Because the pompe that 'longs to Juno's mace,
Thou may'st not see: and thinke Queene Junoe's name,
To whom old shepherds title workes of fame,
Is mightye, and may easily suffice
At Phœbus' hands to gain a golden prize.
And for thy meede, sythe I am Queen of Riches,
Shepherde, I will rewarde thee with great monarchies,
Empires and kingdomes, heapes of massye golde,
Scepters and diadems, curious to beholde,
Riche robes of sumptuous workmanship and cost,
And thousand things whereof I make no boast.
The moulde whereon thou treadest shall be of Tagus' sandes,
And Xanthus shall runne liquid gold for thee to wash thy handes:
And if thou like to tende thy flocke, and not from them to flie,
Their fleeces shall be curled gold, to please their master's eye.
And last, to sett thy heart on fire, give this one fruit to me,
And, shepherde, lo, this tree of gold I will bestowe on thee.

[*Hercupon did rise a Tree of Gold, laden with diadems and crownes of golde.*]

The ground whereon it growes, the grasse, the roote of gold,
 The body and the barke of golde, all glistninge to beholde,
 The leaves of burnisht gold, the frutes that thereon growe,
 Are diadems set with pearle in golde, in gorgeous glistringe showe.
 And if this tree of gold in lue may not suffice,
 Require a grove of golden trees, so Juno beares the prize.

[*The tree sinketh.*]

Pall. Me list not tempt thee with decoying wealthe,
 Which is embased by want of lustie healthe :
 But if thou have a mind to fly above,
 Yecrown'd with fame neare to the seate of Jove :
 If thou aspire to wysdome's worthiness,
 Whereof thou mayst not see the brightness ;
 If thou desire honour of chyvalrie,
 To bee renowned for happy victorie,
 To fight it out, and in the champain fieldes,
 To shrowd thee under Pallas' warlike shielde,
 To prauce on barbed steedes, this honour, lo,
 Myselfe for guerdon shall on thee bestow.
 And for encouragement, that thou mayst see,
 What famous knights dame Pallas' warriors bee,
 Beholde in Pallas' honour here they come,
 Marching alonge with sounde of thund'ring drom.

Ven. Come, shepherde, come, sweet shepherde, looke on me,
 These bene too hot alarams these for thee :
 But if thou wilt give me the golden ball,
 Cupide, my boy, shall ha't to play withall,
 That when so 'ere this apple he shall see,
 The god of love himself shall think on thee,
 And bid thee looke and chuse, and he will wounde,
 Whereso thy fancye's object shall be founde,
 And lightlie, when he shootes, he doth not misse :
 And I will give thee many a lovelie kisse,
 And come and play with thee on Ida here,
 And if thou wilt a face that hath no peere,
 A gallant girle, a lustie minion trull,
 That can give sport to thee thy belly full,
 To ravish all thy beating veines with joye,
 Here is a lasse of Venus' court, my boy.

Paris having awarded the golden gift to Venus, Juno and Minerva
 appeal against his judgment. Paris is accordingly put upon his
 defence, and urges the following reasons for the deed :—

“ Now (for I must add reason for my deede
 Why Venus rather pleas'd me of the three) :
 First in the intryales of my mortall eares,
 The question standing upon beautie's blaze,
 The name of her that hight the queene of love,
 Methought in beauty should not be excelled.
 Had it bene destyned to majestie,
 (Yet will I not rob Venus of her grace,)
 Then stately Juno might have borne the ball.
 Had it to wisdom bene entituled,
 My human wit had given it Pallas then.
 But sith unto the fairest of the three,
 That power that threw it for my farther ill,
 Did dedicate this ball : and safest durst
 My shepherde's skill adventure, as I thought,
 To judge of forme and beautie, rather than

Of Junoe's state, or Pallas' worthines,
 That learn'd to ken the fayrest of the flocke,
 And praysd beutie but by nature's aime :
 Behold to Venus, Paris gave this fruite,
 A dayesman chosen there by full consent,
 And heavenly powers shall not repent their deedes.
 Where it is said, beyond desert of her's,
 I honour'd Venus with this golden prize ;
 (Yee Gods) what can a mortall man
 Decerne, betwixt the sacred gifts of heaven ?
 Or, if I may with reverence reason thus :
 Suppose I gave, and judg'd corruptly then,
 For hope of that that best did please my thought,
 This apple not for beutie's prayse alone :
 I might offende, sithe I was pardoned,
 And tempted more than ever creature was,
 With wealth, with beutie, and with chivalrie :
 And so prefer'd beutie, before them all,
 The thing that hath enchanted heaven itself.
 And for the one, contentment is my wealthe :
 A shell of salt will serve a shepherde swaine,
 A slender banquet in a homely skrip,
 And water running from the silver spring.
 For armes, they dread no foes that sit so lowe,
 A thorne can keepe the wind from off my backe,
 A sheepcoat thatch'd 's a shepherd's pallace high.
 Of tragicke muses shepherdes con no skill,
 Enough for them, if Cupid be displeased,
 To sing his prayse on slender oaten pipe.
 And thus, thrice reverend, have I told my tale,
 And crave the torment of my guiltless soule,
 To me be measured by my faultless thought.
 If warlike Pallas, or the Queene of Heaven,
 Sue to reverse my sentence by appeale,
 Be it as please your majesties divine,
 The wronge, the hurte, not mine, if any be,
 But her's whose beauty claim'd the prize of me."

T. H. K.

 TRANSLATIONS AND ADAPTATIONS.

"Variety is charming."—ROCHESTER.

"Variety is charming!" and whether this axiom be applied to the pages of a Dramatic Magazine, or taken in the literal sense of the poet, the observation certainly carries great weight with it. We shall therefore assign no other reason for occasionally introducing translations of some scarce or interesting French dramas, as well as adaptations of those of our early dramatists; at the same time we shall endeavour to render our foreign dramas somewhat better than mere school-boy translations, and, in our adaptations, take care not to pervert the original intention of the author while we cleanse his play of certain superfluities.

Lest the curious reader should inquire why we have made choice of Beaumarchais' drama of *La Mère Coupable* in preference to all others, we freely state our motives.

The characters, the conduct, indeed the whole arrangement of the plot of the *Marriage of Figaro*, if viewed by the stern eye of the moralist, or by those who are anxious to preserve the order and well-being of society, is liable to many objections. There is a levity, a licentiousness, in the actions of all the *dramatis personæ* which will not bear reflection. *La Mère Coupable* being a sequel to this drama, and strongly pointing out the ruinous consequences of this licentiousness, not only affords a strong moral lesson to the reader, but is entitled to the commendation of the critic for the ingenuity and dramatic effect displayed in the arrangement of the plot.

THE GUILTY MOTHER.*

Dramatis Personæ.

COUNT ALMAVIVA.
LEON.
FIGARO.

MORENO.†
WILLIAM.

COUNTESS ALMAVIVA.
FLORESTINA.
SUSANNAH.

ACT I.

SUSANNAH discovered, strewing the apartment with flowers.

Sus. My melancholy task is performed. The order which the Countess gave me last night, in tones so sorrowful that they deprived me of my rest, are obeyed. "Susannah," said she, "decorate my apartments as soon as it is light with faded flowers, and give orders at the gate that no one be admitted to me during the day." Unhappy mistress! what dismal preparations! but, alas, it is St. Leon's Day, the patron of her son, and of a being who is now no more! Ah! Figaro, is it you? [*Figaro peeps in at the door on the right.*] You look more like a lover on the tip-toe of adventure, than a man who has been a husband upwards of twenty years.

Fig. May I venture in and speak to you?

Sus. If you leave the door open.

Fig. [*Entering.*] Why that precaution?

Sus. Because the man you wish to avoid meeting is expected every moment.

Fig. What, that hypocritical demon, Moreno?

Sus. Do not accustom yourself to load his name with such violent epithets; through inadvertency they may reach his ears, and our project would be marred. But you appear more than commonly out of humour this morning.

Fig. Out of humour, truly! What cause have I to be otherwise? Hear me, Susannah! [*She rises.*] Do you mean seriously to assist me in my endeavours to save the Count and his family from the fangs of this monster, or have you too become his dupe?

Sus. I have not, I can assure you; but I fear that he begins to suspect me, for he has not communicated any of his secrets to me of late; I think he has some idea that we are reconciled.

Fig. We must, however, appear still at variance; the future peace of our benefactors depends on it. You know how the Count's temper, ever since he received the intelligence of the death of his eldest son at Paris, is altered for the worse: he that was once the most gay and mirthful nobleman in all Seville, is become as melancholy and morose as any of the monks of La Trappe.

Sus. Ah, Figaro, you are not changed for the better.

Fig. You are well aware that the surviving son seems even to have become an object of aversion.

* *La Mère Coupable* was the last dramatic production of the celebrated Baron de Beaumarchais, and was performed in Paris early in the Revolution.

† In the original, Bigbeour, an Irish Major.

Sus. Alas, too true!

Fig. How unhappy the Countess is!

Sus. She is indeed.

Fig. While his tenderness daily increases for his ward, Florestina. How he is exerting himself to remove every obstacle to the sale of his paternal estates!

Sus. Why, my poor Figaro, I fear your dotage is fast approaching; for if I know all this, why need you tell it me?

Fig. Where so much depends upon our united operations, it is indispensable that we clearly understand each other. Is it not apparent to us, that this crafty Moreno (in whom not only the Count, but every member of the family, places implicit confidence), who, from first having acted as his Excellency's secretary, was appointed tutor to his sons, and, during our absence at Mexico, officiated as guardian to his ward, is taking advantage of his situation to heighten that unhappy difference which so strongly exists between our master and his lady; and not content with aiming at the hand of Florestina, is trying to prevail on the Count to transfer his immense possessions to the villain's own unhappy and disturbed country.

Sus. But, in one word, Figaro, what can I do in this affair?

Fig. Never lose sight of him, and give me immediate notice of all his actions.

Sus. I do inform you of every thing that passes in our conversations.

Fig. What he says in conversation is not always what he thinks: but seize the words that involuntarily escape him—a breath—a look—a gesture;—'tis these betray the secret workings of the soul. He has at this moment some horrible project ripening in his head, and feels assured of the result; for he looks more perfidious, and at the same time more confident, than ever. Oh, Susannah, cannot you be as artful as he is? Flatter, lull him with hope; let him require what he will, refuse nothing.

Sus. That would be going very far indeed.

Fig. You understand me, Susannah, and every thing will lead to the end proposed, provided I am instantly informed.

Sus. And shall I not inform my mistress too?

Fig. The time for that is not yet ripe; he has so fascinated the whole family; it would ruin us without serving our benefactors. Follow him about the house, like his shadow, and I will take care of him out of doors.

Sus. My dear Figaro, I tell you that he suspects me, and should he surprise us together—hark! I hear his footsteps on the stairs—quick—let us appear to be quarrelling.

Fig. [*Raising his voice.*] I say, Signora, I will not have it so; and let me catch you another time—

Sus. Do not dare to threaten me in this manner.

Fig. Do not dare to threaten you in this manner! [*Claps his hands together.*] Take that, sauce-box!

Sus. Wretch! monster! do you strike me! Help! mercy!

Enter MORENO.

Mor. What is the meaning of all this noise and confusion? Why do you weep, Susannah?

Sus. [*Sobbing.*] The monster has dared to strike me!

Mor. How could you, Figaro, lift up your hand against a woman?

Fig. 'Sblood, Signor Moreno! why do you interfere; or attempt to take the part of an undutiful baggage, that helps to carry on intrigues, and thinks to set her husband at defiance, because she finds herself supported. But I'll make her know that I am her master as well as her husband.

Mor. How can a man debase himself by such brutality!

Fig. Did I choose to have an arbitrator in our quarrel, Signor Moreno would be the last person I should select; and he is well acquainted with the cause.

Mor. Your master shall be made acquainted with this want of respect to me, Signor.

Fig. [*Sarcastically.*] Want of respect for you! That is impossible!

Mor. I am perfectly astonished, my child! What may have been the cause of this violence? [*Exit on the right.*]

Sus. He came, I believe, on purpose to pick a quarrel; he has abused me horribly, has said a hundred shocking things of you, forbade me ever to see or speak to you again, and when I took your part he grew so enraged, that he gave me a blow; it is the first I ever received, and I'll take care it shall be the last; I'll be separated from him—you were witness?—

Mor. Say no more of it. A transient cloud had come between my confidence and you; but this dispels it.

Sus. Is it thus you would console me?

Mor. Patience; you will find me your avenger! 'tis high time that I acquit myself towards you, charming Susannah; and I will begin by depositing in your bosom a great secret. But is not your worthless husband at the door! [*Susannah goes gently to observe.*—[*Aside.*] Ah, if I could but have three minutes now! The casket that I have made with a false bottom for the Countess, in which the important papers are contained, stands—

Sus. [*Returning.*] There's no one. Well, this secret.

Mor. Now, Susannah, you may not only serve your friend, but make your fortune for ever. I shall marry Florestina—'tis a point irrevocably settled;—the Count will have it so.

Sus. Indeed!

Mor. Indeed. And if you, my dearest Susannah, will strive to render her favourable to my wishes—

Sus. O, but Leon is in love with her.

Mor. The son? I will cure him of his love.

Sus. Well but—she—loves—

Mor. Him?

Sus. Tenderly.

Mor. I'll wean her from the passion.

Sus. So! but the Countess, privy to their mutual loves, approves of it!

Mor. She shall change her sentiments.

Sus. Indeed! but Figaro, if I am not mistaken, is the young man's confidant.

Mor. He is a trivial obstacle; should you not, Susannah, be happy to be rid of him?

Sus. O, if you could do that too, Signor Moreno—

Mor. I will do it—it is done; you feel—that love—is not at all concerned in my arrangement with the Count; Susannah, [*caressingly*] you are the only being I ever really loved.

Sus. Ah, Signor, had the Countess been willing—

Mor. I might have comforted her no doubt, for the Count's neglect; but she rejects all consolation. According to her husband's plan she retires to a convent.

Sus. O, I will lend no hand against my mistress.

Mor. Against her! not for the world! No, he consults her very taste; I often hear him exclaim: "Ah, she is an angel upon earth!"

Sus. Why then should he torment her so?

Mor. No, but merely bring her nearer heaven, the abode of angels, from whence she is fallen, or—should they retire into Italy, or France, and if, among the wondrous laws now hazarded, divorce should take its turn—

Sus. [*Eagerly.*] The Count would be divorced from her?

Mor. If he could.

Sus. O, these abominable men! they all deserve—strangling.

Mor. I trust, Susannah, that you make *one* exception?

Sus. Truly, Signor, I don't know that I do.

Mor. I love your open indignation; it proves the goodness of your heart. As for the amorous youth, he is destined to travel, and to travel long; and Figaro—the experienced Figaro, shall be his sage and trusty mentor. And now, [*taking her hand*] for what concerns you still more nearly: the Count, Flores-

tina, and myself, will dwell together; and my dearest Susannah, possessing the general confidence, shall rule over the establishment, free—no husband—no blows—no brutal domineering;—but halcyon days, and—

Sus. Ah, I see by your wheedling that you really want my assistance with Donna Florestina.

Mor. To say the truth, Susannah, I do reckon upon your kindness; you were always an excellent creature! This very day, for instance, [*eagerly*] you can render us a signal service—[*Susannah fixes her eyes upon him, he recovers himself*].—I say a *signal* service, from the importance which the Count attaches to it, for—it is the merest trifle! The Count is fancifully desirous of presenting Florestina, when the contract's signed, with a set of diamonds, precisely like the Countess's, and wishes to do it by surprise.

Sus. So, so! [*Aside.*]

Mor. Probably he may come and ask you for the casket, for the purpose of comparing them with those brought by his jeweller.

Sus. But wherefore like my mistress's? It is a singular idea.

Mor. He fancies them very beautiful. You will naturally conceive that it is just the same thing to me, Susannah. See, here he comes.

Enter ALMAVIVA.

Alm. Signor Moreno, I have been seeking you.

Mor. In my way to your Excellency's apartment, I stepped in here to acquaint Susannah with your wishes respecting the casket.

Alm. I thank you.

Sus. But at all events, I have your Excellency's word of honour—

Alm. How long has it been called in question?

Sus. I will go and get the casket then, [*aside, going*] Figaro charged me to refuse nothing. [*Exit.*]

Alm. I have adjusted the point, Moreno, which seemed to give you some uneasiness.

Mor. Ah, there is a point which gives me much more uneasiness: to find my benefactor overwhelmed in grief.

Alm. Must I own the truth, my friend? The loss of my Alphonso, at the very moment when, after ten long years of separation, I hoped to clasp him, ripened into man, to my expecting bosom, appeared to me the heaviest of calamities; but a yet more poignant sorrow, aggravated by perpetual reflection, keeps my wounded heart still bleeding, and renders life a burden to me!

Mor. Had you not enjoined me never to speak to you on the subject, I would observe that your second son—

Alm. My second son! alas, I have no son now!

Mor. Compose yourself, Count Almaviva, and reflect, that though the premature death of a son on which you had built such ambitious hopes, may have so affected you as to render you prone to be unjust towards the other child, towards your lady, towards yourself; is it on mere conjecture that a judgment should be formed upon a matter so important?

Alm. Conjectures! I, alas, am but too well assured! My grief is aggravated for want of substantial proof. While my poor Alphonso lived, it was almost indifferent to me; heir to my name, my office, and my fortune, why should I have thrown away a thought upon this other individual? My cold disdain, a Maltese cross, and an inconsiderable pension, would amply have avenged me of his mother and himself. But conceive my despair, on losing my darling hope, to see these honours and possessions become the patrimony of a stranger to my blood; who, to augment my misery, comes daily to torment me with the heart-rending name of father!

Mor. Did I not fear to irritate, while seeking to appease you, I would observe, that the unnumbered virtues of the Countess—

Alm. Ah, those virtues are so many aggravations of her guilt. To cover, by the most exemplary life, so indelible a stain to my honour; to command, by the severest piety, and most benevolent actions, the love and veneration of all

the world, the more effectually to cast on me the odium which attaches to an apparent want of parental tenderness—augments my hatred of them both.

Mor. What would you that she should have done, even supposing her to have been guilty? There are few errors that seventeen years' repentance may not have washed away. Have you, Count Almaviva, nothing wherewith to reproach yourself? The lovely Florestina, whom you call your ward, but who may claim a tenderer tie—

Alm. Let her, then, avenge me! I am making great progress in the sale and exchange of my possessions, and I give all to her. The million of piastres, which have already followed me from La Vera Cruz, shall be her marriage-portion, and on you, my friend, I bestow her; second me only in throwing an impenetrable veil over the dower, by deigning to accept the property from me, declaring it to have been bequeathed to you by some relation.

Mor. Your Excellency sees, that in order to obey you, I have already put myself in mourning.

Alm. When I shall have received the king's consent to the exchange of my possessions against estates in Italy, I shall easily find means of making them descend to both of you.

Mor. And I cannot, will not accept them. Think you, that on mere suspicion, and perhaps unfounded too, I will become an accomplice in the spoliation of your legal heir—of a young man of *merit*—for you must allow that he possesses many amiable qualities? Should your ward accept my hand, and from your immense possessions, you endow her with this million of piastres, I cannot consent to possess myself of them, save on the sole condition that they be made over to her in the marriage settlement as my apparent gift.

Alm. [*Clasping him in his arms.*] Noble and generous friend! O, what a husband do I give my daughter!

Re-enter SUSANNAH, with the casket.

Sus. Here is the casket, [*giving it to the Count*] do not keep it long, that I may replace it before my mistress rises.

Alm. Susannah, give orders that no one enter here unless I ring.

Sus. [*Aside—going.*] Now to inform Figaro of this.

[*Exit.*]

Mor. What is your object in examining this casket?

Alm. I will no longer conceal from you the detail of my disgrace, [*Drawing a bracelet from his pocket.*] Know, that a certain Leon de Astorga, who has been dead these twenty years, was formerly my page: he had the audacity to love my wife, then in the bloom of youth and beauty; I, thinking her not insensible to an attachment which he was too young to veil, gave him a commission in the Spanish service. My son, whose early death I now so much deplore, was at that time about twelve months old; when shortly after I sat out upon my embassy to Naples, instead of remaining here at Madrid, or of going to my palace at Seville, of what retreat can you suppose the Countess made choice? The wretched castle of Astorga! in the neighbourhood of which I have been apprised that this perfidious page, from whose relations I had bought the castle, passed some days on furlough, soon after my departure, and about a twelvemonth prior to my charging you with despatches of importance, as you well remember, from Naples to Madrid here. There, in that castle, the Countess passed the first year that I was absent from her; there did she bring into the world this wretched Leon, in whose lineaments I can trace, and you yourself allow it, the baseness of his origin! When, in happier times, I had my miniature taken for the bracelet which you have seen the Countess wear, the painter, struck with the features of the page, desired to execute that portrait of him in the gallery—

Mor. [*Artfully.*] Which the Countess—

Alm. [*Eagerly.*] Never dares to look upon; from that portrait I have had this painting taken for this bracelet, set as you see, precisely like the Countess's. I mean to substitute the one for the other, if she remain silent on the subject. You feel, Moreno, that I have proof enough; or in whatever

manner she may speak of it, an instant explanation must ensue, and bring my shame and all her guilt to light.

Mor. If I might advise your Excellency, I would abandon the project altogether.

Alm. And wherefore?

Mor. Honour revolts at such insidious means; should any lucky, or rather unlucky accident, set certain facts before your eyes, I might excuse your probing them to the bottom; but, to spread a snare,—to lay a bait—Ah! no man of feeling would like to take such advantage, even of his mortal enemy!

Alm. It is too late to retract; the touchstone's in my hand; my doubts distract me worse than certainty. [*Opens the casket.*]

Mor. [*Taking the casket from him.*] In the name of all that's honourable—

Alm. [*Taking out the bracelet.*] Ah! my picture, painted in the days of innocence and bliss, I shall at least have the satisfaction of tying you upon my daughter's arm, alone worthy of possessing you. [*Placing the other in its stead.*]

Mor. [*Pretending to oppose him, they each drag the casket a different way; MORENO dexterously touches a spring, by which means the upper part of the casket remains in his hands, the false bottom in those of the COUNT.*] There—the casket's broken!

Alm. Broken!—No—'Tis a secret bottom which our struggle has discovered! Here are papers!

Mor. Surely your Excellency will not take advantage.

Alm. Remember your own words—"Should any lucky accident set certain facts before your eyes, I might excuse your probing them to the bottom." An accident has set them in my view, and I'll follow your advice. [*Takes out the papers.*]

Mor. I would not become an accomplice in such an act for the wealth of worlds! Replace the papers, or suffer me, Count Almaviva, to withdraw. [*He draws back, watches the COUNT while hastily perusing the first paper that presents itself, and betrays by his gestures great joy and self-satisfaction at the success of his stratagem.*]

Alm. [*Furiously.*] Shut up the rest!—I'll keep but this—I want to know no more!

Mor. No more; be it what it may, you have too much honour to commit a—

Alm. [*Haughtily.*] A—what, Sir? Speak, I can bear to hear it.

Mor. Pardon me, Count Almaviva, my benefactor, pardon me! Impute to my heavy afflictions the impropriety of my behaviour.

Alm. Far from resenting it, a moment's reflection makes me esteem you the more for it. [*Throwing himself into a chair.*] Ah—perfidious Rosina!—for—spite of my inconstancy, you are the only woman for whom I ever felt a real passion,—oh, I abhor myself for ever having loved you!

Mor. [*Rapidly.*] For heaven's sake put up the fatal papers. [*Figaro enters suddenly.*] We are interrupted.

Alm. [*Rising in a fury.*] Importunate man! what do you here?

Fig. I want to know what you want? you rang for me.

Alm. I rang? prying impertinent!

Fig. Ask the jeweller, who heard the bell as well as myself.

Alm. My jeweller? what does he want?

Fig. He says that he came about a bracelet. [*Eyeing Moreno, who, perceiving it, endeavours to conceal the casket as much as possible*—and while Signor Moreno [*pointedly*] has my mistress's diamond casket open there, it might not be so much amiss that—

Alm. [*Furiously.*] Signor Inquisitor, begone! Let the jeweller call on me another time; and, if half a word escape you—

Fig. [*Going aside.*] I will do nothing by halves. [*He notices the divided casket in MORENO's hand, the paper in those of the COUNT; darts a severe look at MORENO, and retires.*]

Alm. Shut up the treacherous casket; I have the proof I required. Yet, O heavens, I almost wish that I had never sought them, for it distracts me. Why did I find it! it distracts me! Read—read, Moreno.

Mor. [*Rejecting the paper.*] I become privy to such fatal secrets! Heaven forbid that I should be accused of it. Put up the paper, put it up, Susannah is coming. [*He unites and shuts the casket, the Count puts the paper in his bosom.*]

Sus. [*Running in.*] The casket, the casket, the Countess rings!

Mor. [*Giving it to her.*] You see, Susannah, all is in order.

Sus. But, the Count seems much disquieted.

Mor. Nothing—but—a little ruffled at the indiscretion of your husband, who came in, spite of the Count's commands.

Sus. Which I signified intelligibly enough, I do assure you. [*Runs out again.*]

Alm. [*Going out on the right is met by Leon.*] He is here too!

Leon. [*Timidly endeavouring to take the Count by the hand.*] My dear father, did you rest well last night?

Alm. [*Disdainfully.*] Whenever, Signor, you address yourself to me, call me by my title; leave to artisans and menials these vulgar appellations. [*Taking MORENO by the arm, aside.*] His Father!—[*Goes out on the right with MORENO, who gives Leon a look of commiseration and protection as he follows them.*]—(To be continued.)

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

KING'S THEATRE.

SATURDAY, February 6.—*Semiramide*.—*Le Carnaval de Venice*.

This chosen seat of beauty and fashion, with all its numerous attractions, was opened this evening. During the recess, the spirited manager has been indefatigable in his exertions to procure an efficient company; and as Lindley and the other seceders have returned to the orchestra, the season promises to afford singular satisfaction to the subscribers and the public at large. In the opera, Mademoiselle Blasis sustained the heroine with great success; she was in many scenes highly impassioned, and her cadences were remarkably fine; in the duet of mutual recrimination with Assur, she was pre-eminently successful.

Madame Petralia made her début, as Arsace, but she laboured under a severe cold, and it would therefore not be fair to speak of her capabilities.

Signor Santini made his début as Assur; his voice is one of those flexible basses that modern vocal music demands, of great compass and sufficient power.

In the ballet, Monsieur Perrot made his first appearance; his figure, though slight, is very compact; his dancing is the most spirited, easy, and lively we have seen for some time.

TUESDAY, February 9.—*Semiramide*.—*Le Carnaval de Venice*.

SATURDAY, February 13.—*Otello*.—*Le Carnaval de Venice*.

Desdemona, Mademoiselle BLASIS; Otello, Signor DONZELLI; Elmiro, Signor SANTINI; Roderigo, Signor CURIONI.

Donzelli's magnificent voice was heard to great advantage; he also looked and acted the part in the most admirable manner. Made-moiselle Blasis sung with great expression, taste, and facility of execution; her "*Merera qual tumulto*," in the first act, was given with a delicacy and sweetness deserving the highest commendation.

At the conclusion of the opera, Donzelli and Blasis were called for, and accordingly made their appearance. The house was very well attended.

TUESDAY, February 16.—*Otello*.—*Le Carnaval de Venice*.

SATURDAY, February 20.—*La Cenerentola*. — *La Carnaval de Venice*.

Madame Blasis represented *La Cenerentola*, and though her appearance was not altogether sufficiently youthful and interesting for the part, her singing throughout afforded the highest satisfaction. In the final bravura she exerted all her powers, and displayed a brilliancy of execution which was most rapturously applauded. Donzelli sung most delightfully as the Prince. Ambrogio, from the theatre of St. Carlos, at Naples, played the father; his voice is a bass of no very great compass. In the scene in the second act, where Dandini declares he is not the prince, but merely his valet, his rage was highly comic; and the concluding duet was sung with very great spirit and humorous effect; it was much applauded. Dandini was very well sustained in every respect by Santini. The house was well filled.

TUESDAY, February 23.—*La Cenerentola*.—*Le Carnaval de Venice*.

DRURY LANE.

WEDNESDAY, January 27.—*The Merchant of Venice*.—*The Pantomime*.

THURSDAY, January 28.—*Paul Pry*; Poole.—*The Pantomime*.

FRIDAY, January 29.—*Othello*.—*The Pantomime*.

SATURDAY, January 30.—No performance.

MONDAY, February 1.—*Richard the Third*.—*The Pantomime*.

TUESDAY, February 2. — *Charles the Twelfth*; Planché. — *The Citizen*; Murphy.—*The Pantomime*.—Eudiga, (1st time) Madame Vestris.

WEDNESDAY, February 3.—*Othello*.—*The Pantomime*. In consequence of Mr. Kean's illness, Mr. Wallack played *Othello*.

THURSDAY, February 4.—*The National Guard* (1st time).—*Deaf as a Post*.—*The Pantomime*.

Dramatis Personæ. — Frederick Louvaine, (Colonel of Carbineers,) Mr. COOPER; the Chevalier Renard, Mr. FARREN; Rossignol, (Sergeant in the National Guard,) Mr. SINCLAIR; Achille Bonbon, (Confectioner and Corporal,) Mr. LISTON; Notary, Mr. HONNOR; Servant,

Mr. BRADY; Cecile, (Ward of the Chevalier Renard,) Miss BARTOLOZZI, (her first appearance this season;) Madame Marabout, (a Milliner,) Mrs. ORGER; Nina, Miss BETTS; Pauline, Madame VESTRIS.

The plot of this opera varies very little from the *Husband's Mistake*; the incidents are, however, of not so repugnant a nature. The Colonel is in love with the ward, and not the wife, of the Baron; and, like the Corporal, is eventually made happy with the object of his affections. The opera is a very amusing trifle, and was admirably acted. The contrast, however, between the two sisters, is perhaps the strongest ever witnessed. The one is all animation and sprightliness, the very gesture and form a painter would choose for Euphrosyne; the other, torpid and inanimate, looking like a great wax doll. The music is by Auber; it is of a light and pleasing character, at the same time highly dramatic. The songs and choruses do not seem lugged in, as is the case with many of our operas, to mar the effect of the scene, but are happily incorporated, if we may use the expression, with the dialogue and action.

FRIDAY, February 5.—*The Brigand*; Planché.—*My Wife! What Wife?* Poole.—*The Pantomime*.

SATURDAY, February 6.—*The National Guard*; Planché.—*Deaf as a Post*; Poole.—*The Pantomime*.

MONDAY, February 8.—*Pizarro*; Sheridan and Kotzebue. — *The Pantomime*.

Spite of empty benches and a dissatisfied audience, Mr. Wallack will persist in playing Rolla; this is the fifth or sixth time he has performed the character this season, and yet it has not brought one sixpence to the treasury. Actors, in our opinion, ought very rarely to hold the important office of stage-manager; for many of them, intent only upon gratifying their vanity, are totally regardless of the losses which they cause to their employers.

TUESDAY, February 9.—*Paul Pry*.—*The Pantomime*.

WEDNESDAY, February 10.—*The National Guard*. — *Charles the Twelfth*.—*The Pantomime*.

THURSDAY, February 11.—*The National Guard*.—*The Illustrious Stranger*; Kenny.—*The Pantomime*.

FRIDAY, February 12.—*Masaniello*.—*The Brigand*.—*The Pantomime*.

SATURDAY, February 13. — *The National Guard*.—*The Citizen*.—*The Pantomime*.

MONDAY, February 15.—*Richard the Third*.—*The Pantomime*.

Mr. Kean, having recovered, resumed his professional duties this evening.

TUESDAY, February 16. — *The National Guard*. — *Charles the Twelfth*.—*The Pantomime*.

WEDNESDAY, February 17.—*The Follies of Fashion*.—*The Lancers*; H. Payne.—*The Pantomime*.

THURSDAY, February 18.—*The National Guard*. — *Charles the Twelfth*.—*The Pantomime*.

FRIDAY, February 19.—*The Merchant of Venice*. — *The Pantomime*.

SATURDAY, February 20.—*Masaniello*.—*The Brigand*.—*The Pantomime*.

MONDAY, February 22.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Pantomime*.

The above tragedy was substituted for *Henry the Fifth*, in consequence of the very sudden indisposition of Mr. Kean. Wallack enacted *Romeo*; Miss Phillips, *Juliet*.

TUESDAY, February 23.—*Past and Present*, (1st time).—*Masaniello*.

Dramatis Personæ.—Marquis de St. Victor, Mr. COOPER; Julian, (his Son) Madame VESTRIS; Ferdinand, (Julian's Son) Madame VESTRIS; Count de Florville, Mr. JONES; Larose, (Valet to the Marquis) Mr. FARREN; Placideau, Mr. HARLEY; Celestine, Miss FAUCIT; Maria, Mrs. ORGER.

Past and Present is almost a literal translation of *Antoine; ou, Les trois Generations*; and the whole interest lies in "the true faith and loyalty" displayed by Larose.—It is divided into three acts.

Act I. Paris, 1789.—The scene is laid immediately prior to the Revolution. The Marquis, foreboding the miseries about to happen to his country, orders Larose to procure a strong chest, in which he intends depositing the family plate and a large sum of money, for the future advantage of his family; at the same time enjoining Larose to the utmost secrecy.

Act II. Paris.—The prison of the Conciergerie, 1793. The Marquis and his friend are imprisoned by the revolutionists. Larose, in order to be near his beloved master, is disguised as one of the attendants of the prison.

Act III. Normandy.—Ruined Chateau lodge, 1829. The Count and his son are both dead. Larose is now upwards of ninety, tottering on the verge of the grave, with all his faculties nearly destroyed. Ferdinand, a mere youth, arrives at the lodge in pursuit of Rosalie, a young lady he had seen at Paris. Larose, on observing Ferdinand, at first, mistakes him for his beloved Julian; but, on being informed that he is Julian's son, and moreover extremely poor, the recollection of the treasure the Marquis had deposited in the (now ruined) chateau, suddenly bursts upon him; and he informs the astonished youth that he is worth 5000*l.* a year. Larose, after some difficulty, obtains the keys of the chateau, and enters it with Ferdinand. Suddenly, the remembrance of his master's sufferings so overpowers him, that he falls senseless. All parties are in despair, (for the father of Rosalie and the Count de Florville are present) when, from an expression of the Count, wishing the chateau on fire, Larose starts up, and points to the place where the treasure was secreted.—The box is found, and the curtain falls.

Nothing could be finer, or more natural, than Farren's acting in the concluding scenes; indeed, his delineation of the imbecility of old age, was as correct, as it was painful to witness.—The applause was tremendous, and never more deservedly bestowed. Madame Vestris was as lively and agreeable as usual. We have not time to notice the other performers.—The new drama was received with applause, by a house crowded at half-price.

WEDNESDAY, February 24.—No performance.

COVENT GARDEN.

WEDNESDAY, January 27.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Pantomime*.

THURSDAY, January 28.—*The Point of Honour*.—*A Husband's Mistake*.—*The Pantomime*.

This play is translated from *Le Déserteur*, but Mr. C. Kemble has made a very material alteration in the denouement; for, in the original, neither the heroic magnanimity displayed by the father, nor the generous exertions of Valcour, can save the deserter's forfeit life. Though this was poetical justice, the audience are more gratified by the present happy conclusion. Mr. Warde played the agonized father as he plays every other character. One monotonous chant, with a cadence at the conclusion of each sentence, which seems to have been borrowed from some itinerant chair-mender, and as pleasing to the ear as the music of a cracked barrel-organ, or the drone of a field-preacher, is the sole audible and outward sign made use of by this actor to express pleasure or pain, fear or gladness, pity or reproof. If he aims at pathos, or attempts a part of a strong impassioned nature, where the mind's energy or the lofty aspirings of the soul are called for, then he bellows and roars like a goaded ox, "tearing the passion to tatters—to very rags;"—and yet this is the only actor in the Covent Garden company deemed a fit representative of Jaffier, Macbeth, King John, and Stukely. "Can such things be, and overcome us, like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder?" Mr. C. Kemble displayed much manly feeling in his old part of Durimel. The lively Valcour was adequately sustained by Abbot. Blanchard, as usual, made a very trifling part highly amusing. Miss Lacy was very stately and coldly correct; and Miss E. Tree very interesting.

FRIDAY, January 29.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Pantomime*.

SATURDAY, January 30.—*A Selection of Ancient and Modern Music*:
Part I. *The Messiah*.—Part II. *The Creation*.—Part III. *A Grand Miscellaneous Act*.

A Mr. T. Miller, Mr. Bennet, Miss Dix, and a Miss Bruce, were introduced this evening for the first time to a London audience. Miss Bruce is evidently a singer of great promise. She was encored in "And ye shall walk." The others did not display any remarkable talent. Mr. Phillips sung most delightfully. Not any of the great stars appeared, except Mr. P., as Mr. Hawes was resolved to try how the exertions of first-rate provincial talent solely would answer. The house was very thinly attended.

MONDAY, February 1.—*The Grecian Daughter*.—*The Pantomime*.

TUESDAY, February 2.—*Robert the Devil* (1st time).—*The Pantomime*.—*Giovanni in London*.

Dramatis Personæ.—Lindor, Mr. DURUSET; Edmond, Mr. HORREBOW; Robert, Duke of Normandy, Mr. G. BENNETT; Jacques Bocage, Mr. MEADOWS; Gontran, Mr. TURNOUR; Picolo, Mr. KEELEY; Countess de Rosambert, Miss LACY; Blanche, Miss HUGHES; Matilda, Mrs. VINING; Dame Gertrude, Mrs. WESTON; Lodine, Miss CAWSE.

Robert the Devil is a depraved nobleman, who makes it his sole occupation to roam about the country seducing all the handsome damsels he can meet with. In the opening act, he is a successful and clandestine suitor of Blanche, the daughter of the Countess de Rosambert; and, one stormy night, "the rain and hail beating hard upon the roof," just as the young lady is about to elope with him, her sister Matilda rushes in, dripping wet, like the statue of a water nymph, having wandered through a pathless forest, &c. in the very nick of time to discover Blanche's lover to be the traitor who had dishonoured her through a feigned marriage. Scarcely has the unfortunate lady made this disclosure, when she falls at her sister's feet and gives up the ghost. Robert then makes his escape amidst the crashing of walls, &c., for the apartment is destroyed by a thunderbolt. In the second act, we find this terrible fascinating Robert in the guise of a humble troubadour, going to be married to Lodine, a young peasant. The ceremony is to take place in the chapel of the castle of De Rosambert, where a marble statue of the late Lady Matilda has been erected. The Countess de Rosambert (who resolves to attend the ceremony in kindness to Lodine's mother), immediately recognizes Robert. He, however, declares she is mistaken, and, kneeling at the foot of the statue, for the purpose of swearing "the Devil," the statue raises its arm and points to him. In the confusion which this extraordinary incident raises, we suppose Robert carries off the maiden, for shortly afterwards we see them at a grand banquet in Robert's castle. During the festival, an alarm is spread that the castle is attacked; the guests go out to fight, and Robert goes to sleep. The afore-mentioned marble statue then appears, and tells "the Devil" his time is up. Robert awakes much terrified, and presently the statue makes good its words by sinking with him through the floor, amidst a strong smell of sulphur and brimstone. Such is the plot of *Robert the Devil*. It is written by that enlightened actor and dramatist, Mr. Raymond, who may claim the enviable distinction of having produced what may be considered the *ne plus ultra* of nonsense and absurdity. The *Greek Family*, *Yelva*, &c. are really classical and entertaining dramas when compared with the above. Some critics have declared that Mr. Raymond is merely the translator. We cannot allow an observation so replete with injustice, both to the French nation and Mr. Raymond, to go forth without contradiction. It is a fine specimen of native talent! Among brilliant displays of originality and consistency of character, we have a Norman servant quoting Pope. (The scene is laid about the time of the Conquest.) Perhaps the reader is astonished that Mr. Raymond should be at all conversant with that author, but his surprise will partly cease, when we inform him the quotation alluded to occurs in the *Heir at Law*. The music is composed by Barnet, and some of the airs are light and agreeable, particularly the one sung by Miss Cawse, which will become highly popular. We do not admire the action of this lady in this song; she moves her arms exactly as if she was dandling a young cupid. The author is under immeasurable obligations to Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Vining. *Robert the Devil* would certainly have been damned, but for their exertions. Mrs. Vining's acting as the Statue, is one of the most effective performances of its kind we ever witnessed. The house was very indifferently attended.

WEDNESDAY, February 3.—*Venice Preserved*.—*A Husband's Mistake*.

THURSDAY, February 4.—*Ninetta, or the Maid of Palaiseau*, (1st time).—*Robert the Devil*.

Dramatis Personæ.—Blaisot, Mr. KEELEY; La Roche, (Justice of Palaiseau) Mr. G. PENSON; Michel Mercour, Mr. BARTLEY; Adolphe, (his Son) Mr. WOOD; Delande, (Father of Ninetta) Mr. MORLEY; Francœur, Mr. HENRY; Bertrand, Mr. PURDAY; Petit Jacques, Miss H. CAWSE; Antoine, Mr. IRWIN; Shadrach, (a Jew Pedlar) Mr. J. RUSSELL; Madelon, Mrs. KEELEY; Ninetta, (the Maid of Palaiseau) Miss PATON.

The story of the new opera is developed precisely in the same manner as the *Maid and the Magpie*. The music is arranged by Bishop, from Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra*, which was originally produced at Pesaro, in 1819. The music of *La Gazza Ladra* has long been an object of admiration to the lovers of harmony. The touching pathos of some parts, the fine energy and the delicious melody of others, have been too generally felt, and too freely acknowledged, to require further eulogy. We cannot, however, help noticing the finale to the second act, and the funeral march and chorus; indeed, the latter is well deserving of the epithet, sublime. Miss Paton sustained the heroine, and appeared collected in all her force, to give due effect to the music and the character; and fully convinced the auditors of the towering superiority over English singers, as to the extent and brilliancy of her vocal powers; while her acting displayed all that touching simplicity of sorrow with which Miss Kelly has so often beguiled the audience of their tears. Her attention to what is technically termed the business of the scene was most unremitting. Her by-play in the part where her father is describing the consequences of his rashness, and in the scene previous to her being led off to execution, would have done credit to the most talented actress of the day.—Her exertions were loudly and enthusiastically applauded. We cannot, however, admire Miss Paton's dress: it was flounced and furbelowed in a style more suitable to a Paris milliner than a village servant girl. A Mr. Morley, a pupil of Sir George Smart, made his début. His voice is a bass, of tolerable compass, but we think he has much to learn, both as a singer and actor. Mr. G. Penson acted the Justice with great humour. As a buffo singer, he is without a rival on the English stage. Mr. Wood's voice appears to be falling off; it was terribly husky this evening. The other characters were well supported in every respect, and the choruses were got up with great strength and accuracy.

There is a gross absurdity in the third act, which we should be glad to see remedied. In the prison interview between Ninetta and Adolphe, while the former's fate is pending, when entreated to give some proof of her innocence, Ninetta declares she cannot, for it would endanger the life of one dear to her. Now, almost immediately afterwards, her father enters, having obtained his pardon, who of course could have easily proved it.—This error does not occur in the *Maid and the Magpie*.—For the sole object of Delande's entrance is to take a share in a quartette.

FRIDAY, February 5.—*Venice Preserved*.—*A Husband's Mistake*.

SATURDAY, February 6.—*Ninetta*.—*Robert the Devil*.

MONDAY, February 8.—*The Grecian Daughter*.—*Teddy the Tiler*,
(1st time).—*The Pantomime*.

Teddy, while pursuing his avocation, is induced by a violent shower of rain, to take shelter in a neighbouring garret, the window standing invitingly open. Seeing a handsome suit of clothes in the room, he puts them on, to show his companion how admirably he could play the gentleman; but has scarcely finished his toilet, when some persons enter, and mistaking Teddy for the real owner of the clothes, he is carried off to a certain Lord Dunderford's house, and treated with the greatest respect by all the family; for the above-mentioned nobleman is in search of a wild nephew, (whom he had never seen) and had that very day ascertained his residence.—The piece concludes with Teddy rescuing the gentleman, whose clothes he had taken, from a house on fire.

This farce contains some highly ludicrous situations; rendered still more so by the admirable acting of Mr. Power.—It was completely successful.

TUESDAY, February 9.—*Ninetta*.—*Robert the Devil*.—*Teddy the Tiler*; Rodwell.

WEDNESDAY, February 10.—*Venice Preserved*.—*A Husband's Mistake*.

THURSDAY, February 11.—*Ninetta*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

FRIDAY, February 12.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*A Husband's Mistake*.

SATURDAY, February 13.—*Ninetta*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

MONDAY, February 15.—*The Grecian Daughter*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*The Pantomime*.

TUESDAY, February 16.—*Ninetta*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

WEDNESDAY, February 17.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*The Waterman*.

THURSDAY, February 18.—*Ninetta*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

FRIDAY, February 19.—*Venice Preserved*.—*A Husband's Mistake*.

SATURDAY, February 20.—*Ninetta*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

MONDAY, February 22.—*The Grecian Daughter*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

TUESDAY, February 23.—*Ninetta*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

WEDNESDAY, February 24.—No performance.

SURREY THEATRE.

MONDAY, February 1. — *The Twin Brothers*, (1st time). — *No!* — *Der Freischütz*.

The new drama is founded on facts. "The circumstance of two brothers (twins) bearing so strong a resemblance to each other, as almost to preclude the possibility of their being known apart, occurred but a few years ago, in the southern part of France, where one, from an indulgence in early vice, became at last a victim to offended law; while the other, often mistaken for his wicked brother, and not unfrequently punished for crimes he had never committed, at length raised himself high in the favour and protection of his king and country!"

Mr. Osbaldiston played the brothers. By the representation of two such opposite characters, he gave a very curious and novel effect to some of the incidents. In the last scene, after committing suicide, as the "wicked brother," he almost immediately enters as the virtuous one. — The new drama was much applauded by a full house.

FRIDAY, February 12. — *Van Dieman's Land*. — *Der Freischütz*.

Dramatis Personæ. — Governor of Van Dieman's Land, Mr. DIBDIN PITT; John Hardy, (late Cutler of Exeter Change) Mr. WILLIAMS; Frederick, (his Son) Mr. WARWICK; Mr. James Gooseberry, (late Green-Grocer in the Old Covent Garden Market) Mr. VALE; Blithe, (an old Settler in Van Dieman's Land) Mr. BUCKINGHAM; Farlong, (Superintendent of the Settlers) Mr. ALMAR; Robin Wildgorse, (a Convict Poacher) Mr. RAYNER; Darby Ballylaggan, (an Irish Convict, transported by mistake) Mr. BRYANT; Michael Howe, (Captain of the Bush-rangers) Mr. OSBALDISTON; Bennilong, (Chief of the Broken Bay Tribe, or aboriginals of Van Dieman's Land) Mr. FORESTER; Bolter and Scapetrap, (Settlers at Hobart's Town) Mr. HONOR and Mr. BENSON; Manifold and Sweetman, (Convicts, newly arrived) Mr. ROGERS and Mr. WEBB; Eliza White, (unjustly condemned) Miss SOMERVILLE; Amelia Hardy, (Daughter of Hardy) Miss VINCENT; Agatha, (Companion of Michael Howe) Mrs. EGERTON; Kangaree, (Sister of Bennilong) Mrs. VALE; Bedia, (a Native Woman) Miss HORTON.

This new comic extravaganza opens with the arrival of Mr. James Gooseberry, and Mr. John Hardy and his daughter; who, from the tempting description they have heard of Van Dieman's Land, have been induced to emigrate. After engaging as servants Darby Ballylaggan and Robert Wildgorse, they then proceed up the country to the place which they had chosen for their final destination. There Amelia is carried off by the bush-rangers, who demand fifty dollars for her ransom. Amelia, however, manages to escape, through the ingenious contrivance of Agatha; and by timely alarming the colonists, the whole of the bush-rangers (who were about to plunder her father's house) are taken. There is an underplot, of Frederick discovering his love, Eliza, who had been transported through the villany of a wicked relative.

This extravaganza is written by Mr. Moncrieff, and is well

arranged. The scenery is very beautiful, particularly Marshall's Panoramic Journey through the island. It was admirably acted. Mr. Bryant, Mr. Vale, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Rayner, exerted themselves most successfully in the comic scenes; while Mrs. Egerton's deep pathos, and correct action, excited a strong interest in the remaining portion of the drama. We must not omit noticing Miss Somerville, who sung some pleasing airs, with much sweetness.—The house was crowded to excess.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

The Heart of London; or, the Sharper's Progress.

This new drama is adapted by Moncrieff, from a piece now performing with great success at the Porte St. Martin. It is divided into three parts.

Dramatis Personæ.—Fitzhazard, (Natural Son of the late Sir J. Haughton) Mr. YATES; Wilson, (under the assumed character of a French Marquis) Mr. HEMMINGS; Ned Covey, Mr. J. REEVE; Shuttleworth, Mr. WILKINSON; Lady Haughton, Mrs. EDWIN; Emily Haughton, Mrs. YATES.

Part 1.—Wilson, by the nefarious contrivances of Fitzhazard, is married to Emily; and as the newly-made husband is leaving the church, he is recognised by a sergeant, and proved to be a deserter, and is accordingly carried off to Newgate.

Part 2.—Interior of Spice ward, Newgate, where are confined Wilson and Fitzhazard. They learn from a visitor that Lady Haughton has lost the whole of her furniture, and that Emily endeavours to maintain herself by taking in needlework. Fitzhazard is so struck at Wilson's extreme grief and remorse, that he contrives, and with the assistance of James, effects his companion's escape.

Part 3.—Wilson is a respectable tradesman, living happily with his Emily, under the name of Foster. He has been enabled to set up in business through the kindness of Shuttleworth, who from a traveller had become a rich banker. Wilson's repose is suddenly destroyed by the entrance of Fitzhazard and James, who have lately made their escape from prison. These wretches overhearing Shuttleworth observe that he had 20,000*l.* in his bank, instantly resolve to plunder it, and insist upon Wilson being an accomplice. Wilson, through fear of their betraying him, reluctantly consents; and they all adjourn to a public-house in the neighbourhood of Shuttleworth's bank. Emily, partly suspecting their intentions, follows them in the disguise of a ballad singer. Her husband recognises her, and contrives to inform her of Fitzhazard's plan, which she accordingly gives to Shuttleworth. James, it is agreed by Fitzhazard, is to stab Wilson immediately after the robbery; but, by the ingenuity of Emily, the blow is given to Fitzhazard, who has just sufficient life left to shoot his murderer through the head.

The last act of this drama is by far the most interesting. In the second act, the author has given, no doubt, a correct picture of the interior of Newgate; but we think that the exhibition of wretches so

callous to the better feelings of humanity as to make a boast of their crimes, had better have been omitted. No advantage whatever can be derived from the introduction of such scenes; for we pity the man who could receive amusement by viewing the degradation of his fellow-creatures. The acting was excellent. Mr. Yates exerted himself with great success. In the early scenes, the sudden changes from easy familiarity to command, (when Wilson objected to impose on Emily,) were given with great skill; and the air of reckless villany and hollow gaiety in the concluding scenes, was very striking. To O. Smith's acting, we can only apply the words of Shakspeare, "thou best of cut-throats." J. Reeve, as a sort of Newgate jester, who has passed his whole life in prison, created much laughter; but it is a disgusting character. Mrs. Yates played with great feeling.

COBURG THEATRE.

February 5.—*Poor Jack*. A lively burletta, from the everlasting pen of Mr. T. Dibdin. The principal characters were sustained by Cobham, Huntly, Gomersal, Conquest, Sloman, and Miss Watson. Mr. Cobham sung several airs, arranged to some of our old tunes, with great taste and ability.

February 22.—*Three Generations; or, Before, After, and During the French Revolution*. Translated by Mr. T. Dibdin. It was completely successful. Larose, Mr. Davidge.

TOTTENHAM STREET THEATRE.

The performances have been chiefly devoted to benefits, which we are glad to state have been well attended. Miss A. Tree and Mrs. Waylett, and Mr. A. Lee's were bumpers. The latter had the *Siege of Belgrade*. Seraskier, Mr. Melrose; Cohenburgh, Mr. Vining; Leopold, Mr. A. Lee; Lilla, Mrs. Waylett.

OLYMPIC.

The performances at this theatre, during the past month, have been of a very amusing description. On Monday, the 15th, Mr. Keene, the African Roscius, played *Gambia*, and was much applauded. Mr. W. Hall represented Matthew Sharpset very successfully, and the other characters were well supported.

SADLER'S WELLS.

February 15.—An amusing interlude, entitled the *Fire King*, in which Mr. Cambell gave a very correct imitation of Monsieur Chabert.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

On Tuesday Morning, February 10, at about half-past one o'clock, a fire broke out in the theatre, and raged with such violence, that at two o'clock the whole of the building was destroyed. We regret to state, that no portion of it was insured. Mr. Arnold's losses, therefore, are estimated at about 80,000*l*.

NEW MUSIC.

Let us Haste to Kelvin Grove: a favourite Scotch Song from Guy Mannering, varied for the Flute; with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte. By L. DROUET. Ruddall and Rose.

Mr. DROUET has so signalized himself by his brilliant variations to "God Save the King," that we should be grievously disappointed if an inferior composition appeared with his name attached to it. The piece before us so fully sustains his high character, that we find it difficult to say which part we admire most; yet the third, fourth, and sixth variations, strike us as peculiarly excellent.

Oh! No we never mention Her. By the same Composer; with variations for the Flute, and an accompaniment for the Piano-forte. Ruddall and Rose.

Notwithstanding the introduction of some most exquisite cadences, variations, &c., the air is kept up all through with an unusual delicacy of style.

MISCELLANIES.

LOPE DE VEGA.

The plots of many of the sacred dramas of this celebrated writer are truly ridiculous; take the following for instance:—

In the *Animal Profeta*, St. Julian, after having plotted the murder of his wife, and actually accomplished that of his father and mother, enters into a controversy with the devil, as to the possibility of being saved; and when Jesus Christ descends from heaven to effect a miracle for that purpose in his favour, the devil, with much logical precision, alleges such mercy to be a breach of the original contract between him and the Almighty. He insinuates, indeed, that if he cannot reckon upon a parricide, he may as well give over his business in souls, as there is no appearance of fair dealing in the trade.

The following letter was lately sent to the manager of the theatre, Spilsby:—

SIR,

Hull Janry 22, 1830.

I take the liberty to address those few lines to you opping thay will meat your approbation I am a young man rather new to the stage and should wish to have an engagement in your Theatre if it could be obtained I have bean in Mr Baliol's company of comedians during is Stay at Boroughbridge thar was no salary allowed and that was the reason why I left him If you have a vacuncy in your c. i-pany and would engage me I would try to please eather in the walking gentleman or any other parts you would think proper. Danceing, &c.

Sir I conclude and remain yours to command

JOHN GRASSBY.

P S Derict No 13 Trippet Street.

Mr Smeadley, at The Theatre Spilsby.

WRITING FOR THE STAGE.

Few avocations are, in my present opinion, less eligible than that of the drama, but it caught my fancy when I was a boy, for I began not long after nineteen. At first the very art of scribbling gave me pleasure; and I scribbled away, ignorant of the art to blot, and thoughtless of any danger in submitting my crudities to the critics—the novelty of the thing wore off; and soon after my amusement became my profession, I felt the irksomeness of every task, and contemplated probable vexation in the event of it. When you are labouring for fame, or profit, or for both, and think all the while you are at work, that instead of obtaining either you may be d—d, it is not pleasant; nor is it agreeable to reflect, that a handful of block-heads may, in half an hour, consign first to disgrace, and then to oblivion, your toil of half a year; nay, that your own footman, who is one of what is called “The Town,” can, by paying a shilling, hiss and hoot at your new comedy from beginning to end; and having broken your night's rest, your judge in the upper gallery goes to sleep in your garret. But these considerations apart, I verily think that the wear and tear of the nerves, occasioned by dramatic composition, may deduct some years from a man's life. It has been my habit, I know not why, except, perhaps, that the muse is more propitious after dinner, to write chiefly late at night; and when I have grown heated with my subject, it has so chilled my limbs, that I have gone to bed as if I had been sitting up to my knees in ice. Some few dramatists, however, have told me, that they have always written with such ease and rapidity that I have been astonished—or, indeed, have scarcely believed them; but my wonder and incredulity have generally ceased upon a perusal of these gentlemen's hasty productions. After all, success may tickle an author's vanity, but failure sadly mortifies his pride, particularly in writing for the stage, when success and failure are so immediate and so marked—and to say the best of it, a dramatist's is a devil of a life!—*Colman's Random Records.*

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

THEATRICAL FUND DINNER.

Edinburgh, January 30th, 1829.—Last night the triennial meeting of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund took place in the large Assembly Room, George Street, where nearly 400 gentlemen sat down to a splendid dinner, provided by Mr. Stevenson, of the Waterloo and Black Bull Hotels. The Right Honourable the Lord Provost was in the chair, supported on his right and left by Sir John Hope, and Mr. Stewart of Glenormiston; and the gentlemen of the Edinburgh Company, including Mr. Jones, late one of their number, acted as stewards.

The Chairman, after the usual toasts had been given, said, We are now met

to celebrate the second triennial festival of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, patronized by the most distinguished men in Scotland. It was remodelled in the year 1827; and I need not remind you, gentlemen, of what took place on that occasion. Among the patrons, none have taken deeper interest in its prosperity than its original institutors, namely, our inimitable manager, Mr. Murray, and his accomplished sister, Mrs. H. Siddons. With them it began, and under their fostering care it has continued to prosper. I am sure we all wish a continuance of its prosperity; and I beg therefore to propose, “The Theatrical Fund of Edinburgh;” long may it continue to prosper.

and long may it continue to be supported by so respectable and intelligent company as I see now before me.

Mr. Mackay.—My Lord and Gentlemen, I rise on behalf of my brethren to return our thanks for the toast just given. I look back upon the first Scottish Theatrical Fund Dinner with a feeling of pleasure and pride. Who can ever forget the night when the immortal author of *Waverley* withdrew his mask, and stood revealed to his admiring countrymen? We, gentlemen, never will. On that night did the Shakspeare of our day confer on the actor a degree of imperishable honour. Amongst the many beneficial effects resulting from the universal perusal of the works of this great author, are we indebted for the wonderful revolution of opinion in this country in favour of our art. I have seen what "my worthy fether, the deacon, gude man, wadna ha' believed." Yes, gentlemen, I have seen the aged Presbyterian venture into the theatre—I have looked upon his stern and rugged countenance—I have beheld his rigid features relax—his face become illumined with a smile—his eye beam with joy, and his whole soul yield to uncontrollable and clamorous delight. I now come to the most pleasant part of my duty, to acknowledge the obligations of our friends. To the amiable foundress of this institution—a lady who in her public and private character is equally an ornament to our profession,—to Mrs. Henry Siddons, and her talented brother, Mr. William Murray, we make this public acknowledgment of the great support they have given to the fund.

The Chairman then said, that we lived in a wonderful age, and had seen many wonderful and astonishing events, both at home and abroad, as wonderful as any recorded in the page of history. We are now sinking into the quiet of peace, after the agitations of a turbulent war; and he thought, so far as he had been able to observe, that the invention of man was almost complete. But a discovery had been recently made by a gentleman now in this room, who had introduced an elephant to take the place of the whole comic actors of the Adelphi Theatre of London, which would perform every part, from that of the carpenter to the head of the house. To this great discovery of the powers of the elephant, they were indebted for the presence in that room of one of the greatest Lions which London, or he might safely say, Great Britain possessed—the inimitable Mr. Mathews.

Mr. Mathews replied—Unaccustomed as he was to public speaking—(laughter) and much less to be laughed at in this manner—(increased laughter)—Gentlemen, said he, that is enough to put me completely down; but when I said I was unaccustomed to public speaking, I meant at public dinners; and this is true; for I never but once before in my life attended one—and that, I am proud to say, was the Covent Garden Fund dinner. He said he was particularly proud of the honour now done him; and albeit not used to the melting mood, he felt inclined to be serious for a few moments. But he felt his spirits depressed by missing at this feast that master-spirit, that great and illustrious person, Sir Walter Scott, of whom he would apply the words of the immortal Shakspeare—"Here had we now our country's honour roofed, were the graced person of our Banquo present." He was happy, however, to say, "the table's full;" but were he to come, Sir Walter to come even now, at the eleventh hour, he was sure they could make room for him. But as he was not good at speech-making, he said he would endeavour to entertain them with a song, at which he thought he was always more successful. He then entertained the company with a comic song, in which he happily introduced most of the topics treated on in his speech—and particularly the last one, "Put money in the plate." He sat down amid the reiterated cheers of the assembly.

The presidents then proceeded to make a collection among the company in aid of the fund; and in a short time after, the chairman stated, that he had the pleasure to announce, that it amounted to somewhere about 350*l*. The intimation was followed by loud cheering.

BATH THEATRE.

WE have seldom witnessed such complete success attending the bringing out of a new piece as on Wednesday, Feb. 17, in the performance of *Werner*, a tragedy written by Lord Byron, but never intended by him for representation. To Mr. Macready we are indebted for the gratification which it afforded; for it is owing to his exertions that *Werner* has been produced, and, in some measure, adapted for the stage. He saw, in the character of the hero, such a strong development of injured feelings, poignant remorse, and paternal anxiety, as his powers of acting are peculiarly calculated to embody; and he, therefore, determined to rescue *Werner* from the oblivion of the book-shelf, to dash off

the dust, and try its dramatic effect. This trial was first essayed at Bristol, for his benefit, and with unprecedented success. The Bristolians were in raptures. Macready was called for at the fall of the curtain, and rewarded with the reiterated plaudits of an admiring audience. The language is nervous, and Mr. Macready's delivery did it ample justice. His last scene with his son, and the one preceding it, were perfect specimens of natural acting; and on the fall of the curtain, three distinct rounds of applause rewarded his efforts. Mrs. Usher, who performed the wife of Werner, sustained the part with much credit. The piece was given out for repetition amidst loud and continued cheering.

BRISTOL.

Feb. 5.—The conjunction of two such stars as Mr. Macready and Miss Foote was an event which drew together an immense number of beholders (aye, and admirers too,) at our theatre, on Thursday last. It is impossible to do adequate justice to the superlatively beautiful delineations of the noble Roman, portrayed by Mr. Macready. Miss Foote, the original Virginia, was justly applauded as the free-born Roman maid.

On Monday, Lord Glengall's comedy of *Follies of Fashion* was performed to a crowded and fashionable auditory, for the benefit of Miss Foote, who, on the same evening, closed her engagement.

EXETER.

Black-Eyed Susan was performed here, for the first time, this evening.

BRIGHTON.

This house, for the season, closed last night with a benefit to Mr. Fawcett, a meritorious actor, who has been with us nearly throughout the season; but, we regret to observe, that though Mr. W. Farren came purposely from town to lend his services on the occasion, the house was but indifferently attended. He appeared as Charles the Twelfth in the drama of that name, and as Ambrose in the *Two Friends*.

Russell, in taking leave of his patrons, touched upon the depreciation of theatricals in all parts of the kingdom; and we were sorry to hear him say, that Brighton for the season immediately passed, could not be mentioned as affording a gratifying exception.

LIVERPOOL.

Feb. 15.—ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—The entertainments of the past week have been supported in a manner most creditable to every branch of this establishment. The first piece was a new

composition, called *Salley in our Alley*, founded on the popular ballad of that name, and dramatized by the ingenious adapter of *Black-Eyed Susan*. In the circle, Mr. Blackmore, Mr. Hillier, and Mademoiselle Lucie, have exhibited some very clever equestrian feats. A brigade of female lancers, commanded by Mrs. Ducrow, have performed a series of evolutions, appropriate to that description of force, with great applause; and Mr. Ducrow has delighted, as well as astonished, the spectators with specimens of the docility and perfect training of two of his best horses, and with a display of some of his own most adventurous, graceful, and masterly riding, in an act, descriptive of the day's adventures of a sailor. Miss Woolford and Master Reuben have also exhibited some very pleasing performances on the tight rope. And each evening has been wound up to the satisfaction of numerous audiences, with the spectacle of *The Devil's Ship; or, the Money Diggers*, and *The Pirate of a Charmed Life*. The admirers, however, of the grand and the gorgeous, in the way of theatrical spectacle, will be highly gratified next week with a drama, entitled, *The Elephant of Siam*, in which the largest male elephant in this kingdom will appear.

LIVERSTREET THEATRE.—*The Pilot*, *The Floating Beacon*, and two other pieces, have been the performances at this theatre during the last week. No. 56, Ranelagh Street, Liverpool, is a local adaptation of the farce of No. 23, John Street, Adelphi, in which Hammond plays Mr. Thompson with great effect.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Mathews, the inimitable Mathews, has been playing at our Theatre since Monday last to fashionable and delighted audiences. His peculiar talents are so well known, that remark is needless; and we are happy to find that the great impairer—time, has not in the slightest degree diminished the vigour of those powers which have earned for their possessor so large a share of public praise. *The Elephant of Siam* is to be played here in a short time, under the direction of Mr. Yates, in which the Adelphi heroine will of course appear.

CHESTER.

Mr. Mathews and Miss F. H. Kelly will appear at our theatre on the 25th of February.

MANCHESTER.

Mr. Macready commenced an engagement of six nights, on the 15th of February, in the character of William Tell.

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RICHARD BURBADGE,

The first Performer of King Richard, III.

From an original in Dulwich College.



MR C. KEMBLE,
AS PIERRE.